

THE COLLEGIAN



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A NEW-YEAR CONTEMPLATION

The waning year, though dying fast,
 Shall never cease to be,
For when 'tis gone, it joins the past,
 To make eternity.
A new year comes, as came the last;
 'Tis ushered in with glee.
Ere long it too becomes the past,
 For all eternity.
And thus it is with every man;
 Too soon his days are o'er.
So let him do good while he can,
 That, when he's past life's door,
He may according to God's plan,
 Forevermore adore.

J. Willard Baechele, '30

AN "ASIDE" ON THE ESSAY

The general appreciation of the essay by up-to-date readers has produced a marked increase of love for this type of literature especially during late years. Whatever early precursors in this department of literary endeavor may have thought of their efforts is of little consequence, for it is evident that they could not have guessed by the aid of the utmost stretch of their imaginations to what a towering height the structure was to reach for which they were laying the foundation. Fortunately, however, the early essayists were good builders. They knew how to incorporate material that would claim the attention of the human mind, not merely in this or that country; not merely in one or the other generation of people, but in all places, peoples, and ages.

By investigating the hidden paths and trails that run through human life—roads that must be discovered in order to find what is interesting to the mind of man—the first essay writers espied, though only dimly in their day, where lay the broad highway of success upon which their novel venture in letters might progress securely. Thus Montaigne and Lamb sought to interest their readers by exhibiting to them what may be called the pleasantly beautiful. Their experiment met with surprising good luck; people wanted more and more of these agreeable chats. In a further attempt to please, these writers began to inject bits of personal experiences, both serious and ludicrous in nature, with the result that their writings received a still larger measure of popular approval. Now, when by the help of Francis Bacon, the practice of theorizing, defining, and

philosophizing was introduced, the framework of the essay was complete. Henceforward the essay showed a vigorous and strong pulse of life that beat in time with the requirements of literary enthusiasm.

To polish the thought and to present the experiences of humanity, rather than to create these thoughts and produce these experiences, is the province of the essay. If it touches upon the matters that belong to the other types of literature, it does so only indirectly, namely, by using the images, impressions, and statements which other types of literature have offered. The proper function of the essay, therefore, is to go over the work that has already been done; to examine this work; to give opinions of its worth; to define its purpose; in a word, its function is a process of rumination, and as such it requires of readers that they should peruse the essay with leisurely thoughtfulness. Hence Felix Schnelling properly remarks, "The essay is a delicacy for the aristocrat, the Brahmin among readers."

The task of gathering material for the essay is considerably easier than it is in the case of any of the other five forms of literary composition. As has already been indicated this material is broadly grouped under three headings, namely, the beautiful, the personal, the learned. When the beautiful happens to be the aim in an essay, the term must not be understood in the same sense which it has in poetry, for in poetic composition the beautiful is a quality, while in the essay it is some material object or condition. As an illustration of what is here implied, reference need only be made to such essays as, "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig," "The Saturday Night Bath," "The Lier in Bed" to make it clear what kind of matters and conditions may

be treated in an essay of which the object is merely beauty.

In rhetorical discussion the essay that deals with the merely beautiful will be classified as the familiar type, because it is the kind that makes a general appeal inasmuch as it is not deep in thought, not technical in material, not pedantic in knowledge. It carries on nothing more than candid, friendly chats about the commonplaces of life and daily experience. The titles used as headings for this variety of essay may appear rather trifling, but that does not preclude the possibility of making quite intelligent observations concerning the matter that is brought under treatment. Something must always be brought into evidence that is worth seeing, that is worth remembering, that touches the reader personally; for if these facts be wanting then a particular essay cannot be called a familiar bit of writing, or even anything else that approaches the meaning of this term.

As an essential expression of individuality, the personal essay is of the highest rank. In this variety of essay Hazlitt and Lamb stand out pre-eminently. Both experienced the joys and the tragedies of life, and with remarkable skill they allow their readers to see into these experiences and to learn the lesson which they convey. No one would refuse to laugh with Charles Lamb when he writes in a hilarious mood; no one could refuse to sigh with him, or feel with him when distress and worry weigh down his spirits. This intimate approach to an author's life awakens the most profound interest, for it offers that concreteness of detail which engages the attention with the force of actual experience. The writer of personal essays holds up a mirror, as it were, before the eyes of his readers in which they

can contemplate the tangled skein of events that make up their own lives.

Among modern writers, Agnes Repplier may well be singled out as a successful composer of personal essays. Though she may not be as pleasingly self-revealing as are Hazlitt and Lamb, yet she has a way of examining the foibles and peculiarities that are common to all people in a manner that is both true and humorous. With sly innuendo and delicate wit she entices the reader and holds his attention while she photographs his idiosyncrasies. Like a print taken from a negative she finally flashes before his eyes a copy of his own peculiarities, quite as if she would say, "There you are; see how you look?"

Though many persons maintain that Stevenson was the last great name among familiar essayists, and that Emerson is the only essayist that America has produced, there are, nevertheless, among modern writers, even outside of Agnes Repplier, familiar essayists of the first rank. One need but recall the names of John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and Catherine Fullerton to realize this fact.

No department of the essay, however, can be examined without stumbling upon the mighty name of Cardinal Newman, but inasmuch as he overshadows all other English prose writers by the greatness of his mind, so in like manner he stands alone in the realm of the essay, though his writings reach into every division of exposition. No writer stands aside of him on the eminence to which he has attained in the domain of the essay.

The truly learned essay belongs to that heavy ration of intellectual food which requires thorough chewing and proper digestion in order that true benefit may come to him who desires to munch

the solid diet that it offers. It may be served in three different ways, namely, as the monograph, the dialogue, and the symposium, but no matter what its manner of dressing may be, its nourishing quality is always the wisdom of life—that wisdom which is recognized as the best fruit that can be reaped by the process of reading. If anyone should long to have his mind furnished with a bountiful supply of genuine intellectual food, let him but read half a dozen essays of Cardinal Newman and an equal number of those rugged lucubrations left to the world by Carlyle, and he can well rest assured that his mind either will die of dyspepsia or will develop a power of grasp and intellectual acumen that will earn a place for him among those men of whom it is said, “the world has respect for their knowledge.”

Even as a means to stimulate the imagination, an office that is generally left to the various forms of poetry and fiction, the learned essay is of great value. It holds the imagination in becoming check, and will not allow it to spin the web of fancy too loosely or too gaudily, while at the same time it makes the heaviest demands on its service and usefulness. A mere conglomeration of definitions might be called a learned essay, but it would be cruelly pedantic; to relieve this situation, the best essayists have at all times invoked the aid of the imagination to contrive illustrations, comparisons, contrasts, and figures for the sake of clarifying their definitions and of engaging the interest of the reader.

Though each form of the essay has just claims on the attention of the reading public, and, though in the variety of its appeal, the essay ministers to practically every craving of the human mind, yet it cannot free itself from the charge, that as a piece of mere exposition, it necessarily belongs to

the province of knowledge, rather than to the realm of art. There is no occasion for the essay in any shape or form to exhibit that close imitation of human life and social manners that make up the very web and texture of society, as, for instance, it is possible for the idealistic novel to do. Hence for information, light, broad, or deep, there is the essay; but for art, "Be mine to read the immortal works of Marivaux and Crebillon."

Joseph Hageman '29

THE WATERFALL

Beautiful, charming, and gay,
Midst tangled rocks, is the way
The water leaps over the brink
Not even stopping to think.
Grand! Can I find words?
'Tis beyond me to do
To outline this picture for you.

Mixing the sunlight and whirls
Into countless diamonds and pearls
That ever flashing and dashing
Are lost in the surging and splashing,
Hold! They shine again;
Once more the eddies turn
To spray the fronds of brake and fern.

Then rippling over the stones
In whisperings and faint undertones
The spuming streamlets veiled in fog
Dance in glee over rock and log.
Hark! The Lord made you
To sing His endless praise:
Stand by this task through countless days.

Ed. C. Zurcher '29

LETTERS---BRIEF AND HARD

"A strange volume of real life," says Douglas Jerrold, "is the daily packet of the postman." To some one this daily packet may bring a delightful surprise; to another it may bring tears, but to everyone it is a source of interest, for the treasure in that packet may be a long-delayed letter. Neither time of day nor season of the year can dampen the feeling of excitement that is spontaneously aroused by the city postman's whistle, or by the squeaking brakes of the rural-delivery man's car, if only the hope may be entertained that a message has arrived from the hand of a friend. In moments as these, the note of a tin whistle would not be exchanged by anyone for the song of the nightingale, and the shrill screech of brakes might give more pleasure than a symphony of Beethoven. Then, if that expected letter does arrive, what golden moments does it not bring with itself? What a relief does it not offer from the monotony and grind of daily routine?

With a haste that is seldom discovered in other matters, the recipient of a letter breaks his way through to its contents. A letter opener or a knife may be at hand to unseam the flap. But, really, who would be so foolish as to trouble himself with the use of these tools, when a mere dexterous rip across the envelope will disclose its contents just as well? It is an accepted fact that letters are meant to be torn open, and, because of this custom, inventors of letter openers never did get rich. But in man's doings there is always an element of danger, and this is especially so if he happens to be awkward. How often does it not happen that "haste makes waste," here as in other things? Will it not be enough to make one hold

his tongue in check if, upon opening a letter, he finds that he has torn away all the syllables along the margin?

In spite of accidents of whatever kind that may occur in connection with opening a letter, interest in the message from a friend can never be diminished. Though the contents of a letter may be as flat as near-beer, or as stale as toast a week old, yet the remembrance that it comes from the hand of a friend fills it with a warmth and an unction than can only be surpassed by an actual hand-shake or an unexpected visit. Often the one who receives a letter uses his imagination to see things that are not written and to interpret words much beyond their intended meaning. But what of it? It is the function of the imagination to do what deeds and words cannot do.

While all that has been mentioned regarding the reception of a letter under present conditions may be very agreeable, what, however, would a rather modern person say if he were to receive a letter written on a tile, as did the grand old folks that lived in ancient Babylon or Nineveh? Of course the old-fashioned-letter tile may not have had the same ruddy complexion or the same degree of hardness which the common tile as known at present possesses, but for all that, it was a real tile, sufficiently hard to be used on any roof or sidewalk quite as necessity might dictate.

A tile letter was literally all that its name implied; it was neither a missile to be used offensively or defensively, nor a joke or a toy, but in every respect it was a real letter intended to convey information of a friendly or a business-like character. There can be no doubt but what those persons to whom the old and curious tile letters were directed, were as anxious to lay hold of them, as any person of the

present day can be when a message from a friend arrives. Perhaps the old tile letter caused even more excitement than any letter, however precious, can produce at the present time. Certain it is that to prepare and send a message of the tile variety necessitated much more work and worry than does the ink-and-paper missive that is so easily gotten up and is so easily transmitted by modern methods. Hence the writer naturally put a great deal more of his mind and time into anyone of these old-time messages, than it is customary to do at present. For the one who received the letter, the amount of regard and sacrifice of which it gave evidence, must have been a token of sincerest concern; a fact which explains the practice, as discovered by antiquarians, of hoarding and saving these letters with the same care and affection that one might show towards a much prized heirloom.

In order to satisfy the demands of curiosity, it may be of interest to consider in detail the writing and the sending of a tile letter. Pen, pencil, and paper were, of course, not at the writer's disposal. The plentiful supply of these things in modern times makes it difficult for anyone to think of doing without them when there is question of writing a letter. But in the days of old Assurbanipal, and more so in the days of the still older Hammurapi, the writer had nothing better than tiles upon which to inscribe his thoughts if for some reason or other he found it necessary to transmit them. There was no other choice, therefore, for him but to go to a tilery and have a piece of fine clay prepared for his purpose.

A tiler's establishment certainly presented a different appearance in those ancient times from that which modern people are accustomed to see as a group of mere plank sheds, for in reality it was a

stationery, albeit not as spick and span a stationery as are the ones that are to be found in cities and towns at the present day. On coming to this establishment, the ancient Babylonian or Ninevehian, who wished to write a letter, would engage the tiler at a definite sum to prepare a piece of clay of the proper consistency and to mold it to the required shape. In size the standard letter tile was about four inches wide; six inches long, and one-half inch thick. Naturally it had to be delivered to the customer in a moist condition. With a stylus or steel rod drawn to a sharp point, the writer would then set down his thoughts in what is called the cuneiform script. To be sure he had to be brief as space was valuable; hence the language used in tile letters shows a decided laconic manner of expression. The letter having been written, it was placed in an oven and baked to a hardness sufficient to withstand a great deal of rough handling. But this was not nearly all that was required.

No letter can be considered complete unless it be properly prepared for mailing, for its very name indicates that it is intended for transmission. A tile letter demanded a tile envelope, and the ingenuity of the tiler was called upon to meet the demand. Having neither paper nor cardboard, his only alternative was to make an envelope out of clay similar in mixture to that out of which he had manufactured the letter tile. Of course the address had to be inscribed before the envelope was subjected to the process of hardening. Before the tile letter was slipped into this clay box it was carefully powdered with fine dry sand to prevent sticking. The box or so-called envelope was then sealed with a panel of moist clay. Again heating to the baking point was necessary, and after the complete letter had been thus thoroughly toasted

and finally cooled off, it was ready for the postman's cart.

It does not require much effort on the part of the imagination to call up a picture of the awkwardness and difficulty that accompanied the delivery of tile letters. A roughly-made cart that could only be dragged with much labor through ill-kept or even muddy streets was the only conveyance that the postman might employ to carry his precious cargo of clay messages to its destination. A horse for riding could hardly have been employed; for if that had been done, the tile letters would frequently have fared nothing better than did the wine jugs in John Gilpin's Ride. If letters of this kind were to be sent over a great distance, they had to be carefully packed and forwarded by the help of footmen who carried them to distant towns or to the sea coast for transportation on ships. If storms arose at sea, these tile letters were always the Jonahses, particularly if danger to the vessel came to be so great as to necessitate jettison. Evidently everything was so circumstantial and troublesome in sending tile letters that those who received them had every reason to rely upon the earnest character of the message or upon the sincerity of the affection that they expressed.

If ever letter openers were useful, they certainly were not only useful but even necessary in the days of tile letters. The modern variety of these instruments would naturally have been of little or no value. In Babylon or Nineveh a letter opener was shaped like a hammer. It was used to batter into pieces the narrow side of the tile envelope. Hence there was never any danger of tearing away any or all the final syllables along the margin of the letter, and if the sand had done its work in preventing sticking, the tile letter could be easily withdrawn. But there were

other inconveniences. In opening a tile letter a clumsy person might easily strike his thumb or finger nail with the hammer and thus bring on a temptation to use 'vile slanguage'; or the sand that was intended to protect the letter might be so tightly baked into the script that hours had to be spent in digging it out. At length when all was done, he might be recompensed for his labor with the contents of a typical tile letter of which the following is an original specimen:

"Why hath news of thee to me been delayed, and why have I not seen a single answer to all the letters I wrote thee? For I wrote unto thee thus; 'From the day that I start, send unto me whatever taketh place in my house.' Why then have I heard no news of thee? I pray to Marduk that all may be well with thee, but answer me."

The preceding letter which is reported to be a true copy from a tile letter preserved in the British Museum (where hundreds of these letters are kept in store) presumably is a letter of friendship that was sent by a traveler to his wife named Kadasu. It was evidently a reminder for her to get busy with tile and stylus.

Quite thankful ought modern folks to be that letters at present do not entail the mess and dirt that the old tile letters brought with themselves. Tile chips, sand, dust, and dirt all accompanied the receiving of a tile letter, and only a well-constructed wastebasket if such an article was at all in use, might help in removing the debris that remained after a tile letter had been read.

If there is anything to recommend tile letters it surely must be their lasting quality. After the lapse of thousands of years they still hold their own against the ravages of time. The ancient cities where tile

letters were in vogue have crumbled to dust; their population has perished; their high and strong walls are gone, but their tile letters have survived in a vast number of specimens, and they bid fair to last until the trumpet heralds the crack of doom.

John Wissert '29.

TWILIGHT

Softly as peace-giving dreams,
Twilight comes traveling by,
Floating o'er hills and the streams;
Roaming through air and the sky.

Flickering over the grass,
Shadows approach and then go;
Musical winds softly pass;
Musical waters sing low.

Strife and mean war make no sound;
Earth has no worrying care;
Only a peace reigns profound
With a great silence most fair.

Like a soft silvery strain,
Peacefully twilight floats on;
Soothing as sleep after pain,
Rest over earth comes anon.

Wm. Pfeifer '30

THE DARE DEVIL ACE

A whizzing noise; a flapping of ailerons; a whirling of wings, and an airplane leaped into the sky.

"There goes the Dare-devil again!" shouted Frank Worth to a friend who joined him in viewing the skillful maneuvers of a young pilot. "Some day he will break his neck, but then, what else have fliers to expect?" The friend to whom Frank Worth spoke these words now walked with him to an adjacent hangar which was located just a little way behind the trenches of the Allies in war-infested France. "Ever since he arrived," continued Frank Worth, "there has been a new spirit in the camp; before this Dare-devil was present, the men were surly and sour, but now they are confident, spry, and peppy."

Soon the flier was out of sight; gone was the purring noise of the propeller; gone was also the momentary excitement of Frank Worth and his friend. Nothing else was left for these two buddies to do outside of listening to the sickening roar of a distant cannon and to the shriek of shrapnel that was not so distant.

How the Dare-devil had earned the friendship and esteem of his fellow aviators by means of his pleasing personality was a matter that for many hours occupied the thought of Frank Worth and his friend, both of whom had become admirers of young Woodbury, who was popularly known by the nickname as suggested by his reckless and dashing courage. That he must have come from a well-appointed home appeared evident. His speech, his bearing, and above all his companionable nature would allow no one to judge otherwise. That he was arrogant occasionally

might well be attributed to his eminent courage, and with equally good reason courage was assigned as the cause of his disregard of military discipline, though it was his disobedience in this particular matter that had brought down a threat for dismissal from service upon young Woodbury to the deep regret of his many admirers. But who could he be? Where did he come from? Did anyone ever notice him writing a letter or receiving one? Questions of this kind greatly puzzled young Woodbury's companions and among them in particular Frank Worth and his intimate friend.

While others were busily speculating about him, the Dare-devil, young Woodbury, was gleefully skimming the surface of lofty cirrus clouds that for a considerable distance opposed to his view a vast stretch of perfect mackerel sky. The thin film of leaden shading that hung like a fog among the clouds made it difficult to discern anything distinctly that might be lurking high in the heavens. Two faint dots, however, had for some minutes attracted Woodbury's attention. Could they be enemy planes? The assurance that the dots were nothing innocent came to him in the imperative scream of a shell that tore a neat round hole through one of the wings of his plane. Instantly Woodbury began to climb; the leaden film of fog served him momentarily as a protecting screen; higher; higher rose his plane; he observed that the dots had separated; with a fell swoop he dived towards the nearest dot and sprayed it with streams of hot steel. He had now approached near enough to see the wings of a great plane quiver for a moment in the air, then collapse and quickly vanish from sight.

"A real prize!" mused the Dare-devil to himself, "but it is not the kind I want; my boss wants me to

fetch a blimp." For this purpose he now turned his plane towards the northwest and flew until he reached Romagne. He had been informed that a blimp was to be had at that place for the simple price of courage. Of course he knew that anti-aircraft guns, cannons, and mortars would contest the prize, but he quelled his fears by recalling to mind what the chief army officer had said, namely, "Only the man who gets a balloon is a real ace; he is the fearless man, as fearless as any that ever climbed into a plane." The ring of these words stirred the ambition of the Dare-devil as he revolved them in his mind. "Yes, yes," he said to himself, "I am going right now, and I shall get that sausage, and I won't serve it on a platter either!"

Much sooner than he had expected the blimp came into view. But the Dare-devil with his plane also came into view and that, too, of eyes by no means friendly. In order to escape immediate danger, he now rose so high into the air that he was well out of reach of shells. Through his glass the blimp looked like a mere speck far beneath him. He gauged his position accurately; then suddenly swung into a tail-spin. For fully two thousand feet he rushed downward like a meteor. His coming was hailed by the poppings, splutterings, and thunderings of guns, mortars, and cannons. Suddenly the sights on his gun were filled with the dark color of the bobbing sausage. Five coughs of fiery vapor issued from the plane in quick succession; it righted itself; rose unharmed to the heights above, and turned for protection towards a bank of neighboring clouds. One tensely careful look in the direction of the sausage before leaving, filled the heart of the Dare-devil with extreme joy. There near the ground rolled a cloud of dense, black smoke that gave him assurance that

the offensive sausage had been well punctured. Straight as a homing pigeon, he now flew in the direction of his own camp.

As he taxied to a stop, several of his fellow airmen crowded close up to him.

"What say you, Dare-devil, get that sausage at Romagne, eh? We are ready to wager that the pack of hounds scared the mere pup away."

"That sausage is mine!" roared the Dare-devil. "Get into touch with our spies and find out if I am not telling you the plain truth."

"Great work, Dare-devil, great!" complimented the crowd. "We shall inform the chief officer concerning your exploit. Did you have permission to go? Frank Worth and his friend, who were with you when you started on your pleasure jaunt, say that you did not. How about that, old boy?"

At these words, Woodbury, the Dare-devil, grew pensive. He had received neither orders, commission, permission nor anything. He knew that the chief officer was a Tartar, and in the face of that stern fact, it dawned upon him that it would be better for him to enjoy all the praise he could get for the present, as for the future, well, that Tartar might, eh—hem, tell him to skidoo.

After several hours had passed and the chief officer had received positive information as to what had happened, he sent for young Woodbury. Altogether different from his usual bearing, the young Dare-devil slouched into the presence of his superior. He was greeted quite in the manner that he had expected. The Tartar glowered at him for a moment and then bounced the following words at him!

"You idiot, you flying fool, you rascal, you scapegrace, what do you mean by your repeated disobedience?"

"I mean only to serve you, sir," replied Woodbury.

"Well, well, serve me! That is what every disobedient fellow says by way of excuse. Service of the kind that you give, I don't want, do you understand me? You are hereby—well—I feel like saying—kicked out. But I shall consider your case for some time. Get out!"

The enemy's lines had again become restless. Hour by hour the number of shells increased until at length it became evident that a barrage was planned along the entire length of the trenches. Favorable positions had to be located for a counter-attack, and to find these positions Frank Worth and his friend were commissioned by the chief officer to take to the air and do the required reconnoitering. With the usual dash of young airmen, especially when danger is as yet distant, the two fliers soared hurriedly away to see what the enemy was doing. He was doing precisely what Frank Worth and his friend were doing—the enemy was in the air looking for prey. When he spied the planes in which Frank Worth and his friend were coming along, he gave chase, and a vigorous chase it was. Both planes fled before the enemy like hares before a hound.

"Who will chase this demon plane?" roared the chief officer. "Let any airman who has the pluck take after him."

"There is a permission for you, Dare-devil!" chorused several of the men while pointing at Woodbury.

Without saying a word young Woodbury jumped into a plane and made hotly after the enemy. This time it was no 'sausage' that he had undertaken to fight; the enemy proved to be a worthy antagonist. Like two fighting cocks the planes swerved and tore about in the air; now up; now down; now trailing;

now circling, all the while belching smoke and spitting steel at each other. The men in the trenches almost forgot that they were engaged in fighting, so interested they became in the spectacle that was being enacted high in the air above their heads. At length the enemy took to flight. Woodbury desired to give chase, but a gun sent a shell crashing through the body of his plane that shattered the bone and tore an ugly wound in his right arm. The pain was intense. Very soon his eyes began to swim; a feeling of choking seized his throat; ages seemed to pass before he saw himself safe above his own lines. He landed smoothly and had just enough energy to shut off the motor. From that moment onward he knew no more until he awoke in a bed in a hospital.

The base hospital to which Woodbury had been removed was situated at a considerable distance to the rear of the line where he had been fighting. None of his fellow airmen were to be seen there and gradually, after he had recovered consciousness, time began to wear on him heavily, and he grew quite lonesome. But a happy day was in store for him. The old Tartar had not forgotten to reward him for his latest exploit. An officer was dispatched to the hospital to announce to Woodbury that he had been raised to the rank of first-lieutenant, and at the same time brought the badge that was to distinguish him as a real ace of the air-service. Upon receiving these honors his joy knew no bounds, and the consequent good feeling aided him materially in regaining his health.

Major John R. Woodbury, under whose command the hospital was operated, soon became inquisitive concerning the young man who also had the name, Woodbury, and determined to find out who the fellow might be, especially now that very signal honors

had come to him. The Major had left a son at home to look after the affairs of the family. Could it be possible that this son of his had left his mother and home and had enlisted in the air-service? He dismissed the thought as of no consequence, but resolved to have an interview with the young man. As he strolled into the hospital and approached the bed of the young man, the Major noticed that the fellow quickly turned his face downward on the pillow and acted as if he were sleeping soundly. It was not thought wise to press the matter any further for the present, so the Major decided to surprise him at some other time. On the very following day, before young Woodbury was aware of it, the Major, his father, was looking him sternly in the eyes. The Dare-devil was more undone in this situation, than he had ever been undone in the face of an enemy. Finally he ventured to speak.

"Dad, I tried to keep it from you, but I am caught." He bit his lips for a while and then continued, "I am your son, Eddie, forgive me dad. During the two years that you were gone from home the war-craze took hold of me so firmly that I could not resist. Seeing that mother could get along without me, I ran away from home and enlisted in the air-service. Now I am caught red-handed, and all I can do is ask you to forgive your disobedient son."

"I may as well call it all right, Eddie," said Major Woodbury. "There is talk of an armistice," he continued, "and then we shall both go home. Will not your mother feel proud at the sight of you when she is made to realize that she has a son who is both a first-lieutenant and a first rate ace?"

Charles J. Johns '29

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EDITORIALS

There is a season of the year when the partridge may be considered legitimate game by the hunter. Likewise a period of time is set aside by law during which one may have designs on that bird which forms the more succulent part of "quail on toast." For good reasons, the protection of the law is extended at certain seasons to the cotton-tailed rabbit, and to the ruffed grouse, as well as to numerous other forms of wild life. For no good reason at all, however, but merely because of custom, some people have become obsessed with the idea that the early part of January and that part of the year alone is the open season for making good resolutions. All opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, good resolutions—unlike

the partridge or the ruffed grouse—may be considered fair game at any time during the year.

It is only natural that the death of the year, like the death of a close acquaintance, causes one to pause and to think, and oftentimes to spend some portion of the day following the funeral of the old year in making good resolves for the future. When decrepit 1928 "shuffled off its mortal coil," some folks may have been so busy welcoming the ruddy-cheeked youngster whose scanty attire bore the mystic inscription "1929" that they neglected to formulate any good resolutions on the first day of the New Year. Because such people as these have failed to make noble resolves on the first day of the young year, they ought not to contract a "New Year's Resolutions complex." A word about this fashionable complex is necessary. A person suffering with a "New Year's Resolutions complex" labors under the hallucination that unless good resolutions are made on January 1, they can be made at no other time during the year.

Almost as bad as, or perhaps worse than those people who forget to make any resolutions, are those people who regard New Year's resolutions or any other resolutions in the same way in which many citizens regard a certain sumptuary law now in force in this country. As many citizens act on the assumption that a sumptuary law is made only to be broken, so do many people act on the assumption that New Year's resolutions are made only to be broken a few days, a few weeks, or a few months later. It is unfortunate that this idea is fostered by many otherwise well-meaning people. The men who evolve from their minds and draw the lifelike antics of the people who make up the daily newspaper's comic-strips—and incidentally the men who have

a stronger influence on their fellowmen than some wise people suspect—help to drill into their readers' subconscious minds the idea that it is almost impossible to keep New Year's resolutions.

The best way for one to overcome the idea that good resolutions can not be kept is to make a good resolution and to give that good resolution a fair chance. If the maker of a good resolution will put out of his mind all preconceived thoughts of failure, and if he will refuse to be impressed too greatly by the imposing list of victories which his bad habits have won in the past, he will be taking a long step towards the development of positive character. At the same time, he should disabuse his mind of the obsession that New Year's Day is the only day and the most appropriate day on which to make good resolutions. Having approached the resolutions business in this spirit, he should find nothing in the way of his formulating new resolves or renewing his good resolutions of the past as often as he feels the process necessary.

With the hope that the readers of the Collegian and those who advertise with the Collegian will experience a very successful year—a year replete with high resolves and high achievements—the editor wishes all of them a happy and a holy New Year.

T. C.

Day by day the attention of the entire world is being centered more and more upon a proposed change in one of its oldest institutions—namely the calendar. As proposed by M. B. Cotsworth, an eminent statistician and scientist, the Gregorian Calendar of twelve months of varied length will give place to a fixed calendar of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, with an extra month "Sol" to be inserted between June and July. Each month, con-

sisting of four complete weeks, would begin on Sunday and end on Saturday; every month of the year would be exactly alike in dates and week-day names. The thirteen months of twenty-eight days would account for only 364 days, however; therefore, the 365th day would be made into an extra Sunday called "Year Day" and would be added to December, thus giving that month twenty-nine days. In leap years, another extra day designated as "Leap Year" would be intercalated at the end of June. In regard to the holidays and birthdays falling on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of the month under the Gregorian system, there is to be a table of "adjustments."

As each individual considers these proposed changes, a sudden reaction takes place within him. At once he asks: "Why make this change? Our present calendar is a perfect register of time. What more do we want?"

Seemingly the only reason for a change is that the Gregorian Calendar is very unpractical and unsatisfactory for modern business conditions. Through his spokesman, Frederic Keough, George Eastman who is sponsoring the reform in this country says: "Modern business management needs every aid to production, sales, economies in overhead, etc., that can be had. But the basis of all its operations, the element of time, is so unscientifically measured by the present calendar that it is a handicap instead of an aid."

To those who must calculate interest, figure out pay rolls, and adjust their routine to floating holidays, the new calendar would, indeed, be a blessed facility in their work; but is business the only factor to be considered when so profound a change is to be made? What reactions would be and are not forthcoming from the standpoint of religious observance,

be that Christian, Jewish, or Mohammedan? Undoubtedly this reform would not go into effect without the sanction of the various religious bodies, particularly the Catholic Church. If the proposed change will be beneficial and advantageous to not only a few business men, but to all mankind, then the world need fear no opposition from the Catholic quarter.

While the new calendar may be more business-like, it is also more mechanical. In a year of hard and sharp divisions, where is that spice of life, variety? Would the aesthetic world cast aside, without a struggle, an old institution entwined with poetic imaginings, an institution enveloped by a gossamer veil of mellow tradition and substitute one which by its very construction is mechanical, hard, and cold? Could we afford then to throw away the present calendar even for the loss of a few million dollars which its presence might entail? Perhaps as the years roll by, a study of the International Fixed Calendar will reveal new and more practical advantages for all. Under such a condition it would no longer be a mere possibility but by common consent would develop into a reality.

O. M.

ROSE OF PARADISE

Through the garden of life
The river of kindness flows;
And on its fertile bank
Blooms a fragrant red rose.

Pause on your way anon,
This garden is joy's bower;
And cull this rose as yours:
Elfs name it Friendship's flower.

C. Flynn '29.

LIBRARY NOTES

(Periodical Literature)

Last month's notes gave you a glimpse into the stockroom, a somewhat perspective view at the authors, and a few suggestions in regard to intimate acquaintanceship with them. How about a little inspection of the magazine section for this time? To get your mind on the subject, have you any idea as to the number of the different magazines and periodicals that are published in the United States? Just how many names of such publications could you conjure up before your mind at this moment? Do you know that one magazine agency lists over thirty-one hundred different periodicals printed in the United States? No., this list makes no pretense at being exhaustive. It does not include the names of club, society, church, school or college publications unless they be of national prominence in their respective field; and, unless you hail from some large metropolis, you would be disappointed even in the expectation of finding your home-town or city paper accorded a bare mention.

As this flood of print remorselessly rushes over the cataract of each preceding issue, it would seem by force and volume to overwhelm all literature of the past,—that great inheritance of mankind—both in prose and verse. If certain commercial forces had their way, it might be so. Once for all, get out of your mind the popular notion that the bulk of this ink-smeared woodpulp is superior to the print of yester-year. This is a fashionable fallacy of the twentieth century mind which has become all too much attuned to the idea of quantitative production both as to matter and to style; it is an opiate that is

being used to narcotize the wary; a real anaesthetic for the mentally or morally unwary.

Prior to the day of Gutenberg a man who might write only poorly did not write at all. Thus either nothing was written, or what was given to the public, was done up exceptionally well. Today, the story is inverted. Perfection, or even an attempt at it, is far from being a requirement for our current literature. This condition prevails not because it is wholly beyond the ability of authors to send forth better copy, but because in many instances Mammon controls the press, and induces men to sacrifice art and everything that it implies—truth, beauty, goodness—to the hope of gain. Publishers not only accept but demand what is inferior from the artist's point of view, because the pecuniary rewards go more to those magazines that cater to the weaknesses of the masses than to those that serve the discriminating minority. Fannie Hurst in describing the attitude of a great number of editors said: "If chocolate fudge fiction will sell the magazine, give 'em chocolate fudge." This pertains not only to fiction; and, by the way, any substitute for chocolate fudge does not impair the truth of the statement.

But, while a great number of magazines print whatever will bring the greatest number of sales, happily a goodly number will do nothing of the kind. They have their ideals and conscientiously maintain their standards in spite of all the odds against them. These are not the magazines that are reaping millions of dollars from their advertisers, nor the magazines that are subsidized by agencies that have an ax to grind. Running upon their own merit, and enheartened by the loyal support of their readers, they offer articles, stories, and poems by our best writers: their purpose is to furnish material for thought to assist

in the formation of correct public opinion, to stimulate the mind to further study, to depict and explain items of interest in the various fields of the arts and the sciences, and to furnish worthwhile recreation.

Not only current topics but all topics of any importance find their first expression in magazines. For this reason, men who wish to be informed find magazines not only the most convenient but almost the only means of keeping abreast with the facts and developments of the times. Wherever there is need of information in arts, sciences, or even sports, periodicals are indispensable. Books, it is true, remain essential, but they cannot be relied upon for the latest information. What is more, books are often mere compilations of articles that have previously appeared in the magazines. Encyclopedias, too, are from one to ten years behind the times, so that only periodicals can give the exact information of the day.

Of Catholic periodicals, do you know that your library subscribes to all of the following: Acolyte, America, Ave Maria, Catholic Mind, Catholic Historical Review, Catholic Missions, Catholic Telegraph, Commonweal, Catholic Educational Review, Catholic World, Daily American Tribune, Dublin Review, Fortnightly Review, Field Afar, Far East, Indiana Catholic, Josephinum Weekly, Loyola Educational Digest, Month, New World, National Catholic Welfare Conference Bulletin, Our Sunday Visitor, The Record, Studies, Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Central Blatt, Thought.

As for the magazines of a secular nature, The American Library Association and Wilson's Readers' Guide have done more than any other institution to promote the better grade of magazines, and to standardize them as far as library selection goes. The Readers' Guide is a monthly publication listing

and cataloging about one hundred and ten of the most worthwhile, but not too technical magazines. The prestige which magazines have gained because of being listed in The Readers' Guide has done very much to raise the standard of periodical literature offered to the reading public. Of the periodicals listed, your library subscribes to thirty-eight which time and space do not warrant mentioning here. You will find them in their coverlets on their respective racks, unless, of course, some thoughtless reader has left them on the table. Get acquainted with all of them for yourself. Meet them in their working-day attire. But even some of these magazines are not without their admixture of trash. Precious reading time may be saved by choosing carefully those to be read regularly, and by learning to skip the parts that are least valuable. Exploring among these magazines will probably introduce you to some desirable magazine acquaintance not met before.

EXCHANGES

Several rather flattering reviews which appeared in recent issues among our exchanges have given much encouragement to the members of the staff of the Collegian. This bit of encouragement has urged the members of the staff to renew their efforts in attempting to raise the standard of the Collegian just a little higher than it has been during the past year. The Exchange editor, in particular, has renewed his resolutions for the New Year, and it is in this spirit that he begins his work.

To give THE DIAL of St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas, anything but praise would be a great injustice. THE DIAL is a mine of literary wealth. It is in our opinion the most perfectly bal-

anced school paper that has been received as an exchange by the Collegian in the course of the present school year. The editorials have great merit, but it is evident that the other members of the staff of THE DIAL have resolved that the editorials shall not have all the honors. As a result THE DIAL is a well-edited and a well-arranged publication. Congratulations to the staff on their splendid work.

THE ECHO, Fort Wayne, Indiana, is a splendid journal. Much pep is its evident characteristic. Its articles are generally written in a terse, clear, journalistic style. The pretty thing about these articles is the deep interest and good understanding of literary subjects which they manifest. In the articles of THE ECHO we are not left stranded in ancient and mediaeval interests, but we are launched right into the broad ocean of present-day problems. And these problems are treated by THE ECHO with much discernment. The sport section of THE ECHO is a model among its kind. We hope that the staff will in the near future add to the completeness of its publication by establishing an Exchange Department.

In THE CAMPIONETTE, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, we are looking for a larger Exchange column. The literary section appears to us as being somewhat meager, but its substance is of a creditable character. News events and sports are quite skillfully handled.

The feeling and spirit that pervade THE TOWER, St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wisconsin, are its striking qualities. The articles bespeak great literary activities among the students. The Christmas stories and poetry were especially delightful.

Other recent exchanges which the Collegian gratefully acknowledges are: The Brown and White, St. Francis Preparatory Seminary, Mt. Healthy,

Ohio; The Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois; The Gothic, Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, Michigan; The Olivia, Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Indiana; The Black and Red, Northwestern College, Watertown, Wisconsin; The Chronicle, S. B. Wright High School, New Orleans, Louisiana; Purple and White, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario; The Vista, Notre Dame Academy, Toledo, Ohio; The Good Will, St. Vincent Academy, St. Vincent, Kentucky; Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, South Euclid, Ohio.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: The Very Rev. I. A. Wagner, Provincial, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; The Rev. John Sailer, Dayton, Ohio, The Rev. Louis Benkert, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; The Rev. Alexius Schuette, C. PP. S., Dayton, Ohio.

Tuesday evening, December 4, saw the opening of the annual retreat for the students of St. Joseph's. The Rev. L. Benkert, C. PP. S., conducted the retreat. At the close of the retreat on Saturday morning, December 8, the following students became professed members of the Society of the Most Precious Blood: Albert Gordon, Francis Rehberger, Andrew Pollak, Charles Johns, Alois Friedrich, Richard Rauth, Samuel Homsey, Robert Roster, Walter Junk, James Connor, Hugo Uhrich, Virgil Van Oss, Evaristus Olberding, Leon Frechette, Raymond Halker, Clement Goubeaux, Raymond Guillozet, Wendelin Dreiling, Joseph Weigel, Killian Dreiling, Victor Pax, John Baechle, John Kraus, Michael Vanecho, Marcellus Dreiling, Francis Weiner. Brother Joseph Minch likewise made his profession,

and Brother Albert Dahms was invested with cassock. Among the students to be invested with cassock were: Arthur Kuhlman, Ralph Luthman, Norbert Missler, and Chester Pawlak.

There were literally "Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells!" when the curtain rose at the College Auditorium on Sunday evening, December 16. Jack Woods and his bell ringers of the Redpath Chautauqua circuit were here to display their wares. On a semi-circular table before the entertainers, stood large bells, small bells, medium-sized bells, tall bells, short bells to the number of forty-nine. With admirable skill, Mr. Woods and his fellow-performers wielded the bells producing harmonies of a beautiful and very concordant nature. The bell ringing composed the greater and better part of the performance. Several vocal numbers, both quartet and solo, and a few selections on the cello by Mr. Woods completed the program. All in all the entertainment was an agreeable one, judging from the response of the audience.

December 22 witnessed a great deal of hustle and bustle around St. Joseph's in the departure to their respective homes of students off for the Christmas holidays. By noon of this day practically all of those going on vacation had made tracks for the depot and the parental hearth.

Christmas Day arrived at last, bringing with it the realization of many joys which had been looked forward to with eager expectation for many days preceding the coming of the happy feast. The Very Rev. Rector, Father Joseph Kenkel, C. PP. S., celebrated the high Mass at which all received Holy

Communion. Immediately following the high Mass, a low Mass was said during which the congregation sang Christmas hymns, accompanied by four violins, a cello and a bass viol. Another high Mass was celebrated at 8:15 by the Very Rev. Rector at which the sermon for the day was preached.

In accordance with holiday customs, the smoking club and the dining room were decorated with wreaths and Christmas trees, and with festoons of red and green bunting during the Christmas season. The coziness of the smoking club quarters, enhanced as it was by the radio, went far to make this Christmas one of the most enjoyable that those remaining at St. Joseph's during the holidays have ever experienced at the College. Christmas night a very pleasing program was presented by the students. The program was made up of two one-act plays, several selections by the famous "String Quartet" which is directed by Monsieur Francis Weiner, two songs by a local quartet, two readings, and several piano and violin selections in the usual popular manner. This entertainment closed the activities of a day replete with happiness and good cheer—a day that will be long remembered.

The writer of these notes feels that he is voicing the opinion of those who were at St. Joseph's during the holidays when he says that this was the most pleasant and enjoyable Christmas that has been experienced at St. Joseph's College in the past four years.

Charles Spalding, whose interesting comments on sports events at the College appear in this issue, and have appeared in previous numbers of the Collegian, was forced to remain at home at the end of the

Christmas holidays in order to undergo a surgical operation. Mr. Spalding expects to return to St. Joseph's early in February. In the meantime, his co-workers on the Collegian staff and his fellow students unite in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Under the enthusiastic supervision of Father Theodore Koenn, St. Joseph's director of athletics, the playground commonly known as the North Campus, is rapidly taking on a new and more pleasing aspect. The fence which formerly bounded the eastern edge of this field has been entirely removed so that access can be had to the field directly from the east sidewalk. On the east side of the tennis courts, the section of land directly in line with the courts is being leveled out and will be sodded to form a continuation of the main field. This work will not only serve to beautify the North Campus, but will also provide more playing space for additional sport activities.

ALUMNI NOTES

Cheerio Alumni! A happy and successful New Year is the sincere wish of the Collegian staff to each and every one of you. We hope that we shall become much better acquainted with you during this second period of the scholastic year. No doubt, you have included in your New Year's resolutions a resolve to drop us a line. It would be indeed a pleasure to us to hear from you.

The Collegian staff extends its hearty congratulations and best wishes for success to Martin Kenney on his appointment to the editorship of the "K. of C. Bulletin" of Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. Keeney, it will be

remembered, was at one time business manager of "The Cheer" which was at one time the College publication.

Several distinguished alumni gathered at Ottoville, Ohio, on Wednesday evening, January 2. The occasion of this informal meeting was a basketball game between the Ottoville basketball team and a team composed with one exception of former St. Joe athletes. A touch of dignity was added to the game by Cornelius "Sid" Heringhaus, president of the Class of '28, who acted as referee. In the lineup of Ottoville's opponents, were found a former Cheer editor, a former C. L. S. president, a former chemistry "shark," and one of the most outstanding football stars graduated from St. Joseph's in recent years. This is the way that galaxy of luminaries faced the Ottoville basketeters: "Bill" Friemoth and "Joe" Shenk, forwards; Paul Schumacher (a non-alumnus) center; "Cy" Lauer and "Westie" Westendorf, guards.

The former St. Joe boys began the game in whirlwind fashion and while the game was still young had run up a lead of 6 to 2. After the whirlwind had died down to more zephyr-like proportions, the Ottoville boys drew up to even terms with Captain Lauer's outfit. Although at the beginning of the second half the teams were about on even terms, the Ottoville team soon spurted and ran up a 30 to 22 score. When the score reached those figures, the quasi-alumni outfit staged a determined rally and whittled their opponents lead down to two points. With the scoreboard registering Ottoville 30, "Quasi-Alumni" 28, the final whistle blew.

An interested spectator at the game was Arthur Schmit of the Class of '28.

Paul Bernier, one-time member of the Class of

'29, is now attending St. Charles College Seminary, Columbus, Ohio. For three years, Paul has been a member of the staff of "The Carolian," a monthly publication of St. Charles College. At the present time, he is holding down the position of athletic editor, a position for which his active participation in St. Joe's inter-class athletic activities well fits him. During the past season, Bernier was in the varsity backfield at St. Charles. He has also taken an active part in baseball and basketball inter-class leagues at the Columbus school.

We were glad to hear from Mr. John Cook, an early alumnus of St. Joseph's College, who is now engaged in the clothing business at Wolf Point, Montana. He is remembered particularly because of his connection with the beginning of the Collegian in the early nineties—perhaps many of the older alumni will recall the blue-covered magazine of those days. Mr. Cook's acquaintances frequently recall his remarkable ability as a pitcher on the baseball field. At that time, his fellow students knew him as Alexander Cook. The Collegian wishes Mr. Cook every success and hopes that the great distance by which he is separated from Collegeville will not prevent him from repeating at frequent intervals his visit of last May.

Rev. Albert V. Deery is now stationed at St. Charles' Rectory, 212 South Dunn St., Bloomington, Indiana. Father Deery's ministrations include the chaplaincy of the Catholic students who attend the University of Indiana. As a versatile athlete, Father Deery is still well remembered by those who knew him. On the baseball field, on the basketball floor, on the cinder track, in putting the shot, or in pole vaulting, he generally showed the way and had few equals.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

When the students were filled with joy because of the near-at-hand Christmas vacation, the C. L. S. on December 21 added to their happiness by the successful presentation of the mysterious melodramatic farce, "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Through their previous public programs the Columbians had already acquired an enviable reputation; hence they are justly proud of the fact that the Christmas play maintained, and possibly even bettered this reputation. Like any mystery play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was a very difficult production; but the successful manner in which the cast mastered the situations is a credit to the C. L. S. Throughout the production the players held the audience spellbound; some of the players evoking laughter; some exciting hatred, and others, by skill, adding to the mystery of the plot. The stage setting for this play was exceptionally well arranged. This fact helped in a certain measure to make the program pleasing. The work of the band, too, was very good. "National Emblem" was well rendered; and particularly beautiful was "Sabbath Chimes," featured by James Stapleton's solo, "Adeste Fideles."

"Seven Keys to Baldpate," written in a prologue, two acts, and an epilogue, was an unusual play because of its rather novel plot. The prologue opened the play in a clever way, very briefly unfolding the idea of the story in a clear manner. The first act immediately opened the eyes of the audience to the fact that there was to be some mystery at Baldpate Inn. Fun, horror, and mystery were cleverly combined in this act. In the second act the playwright led up to a forceful climax in a very interesting style.

This act, with the dramatic work of the cast at its height, and with the mystery at its best, is a credit to the playwright as well as it was such to the cast. Although everyone in the audience was always anxious to see what would come next, no one could foretell the outcome. After the mystery had been suddenly removed from the plot in the second act, the epilogue aptly brought the play to a close.

As the old mountaineer, Elijah Quimby with his peculiar manners and habits of speech, Wilfred Druffel was one of the most comical characters of the play. Although he was a participant only in the prologue and epilogue, his acting was among the best of the evening. In the guise of Mrs. Quimby, Thomas Corcoran surprised the audience with his very fitting impersonation of Elijah's wife. The audience regretted that this amusing mountaineer couple appeared only in the short prologue and epilogue. To Paul Knapke goes a great share of the praise for the success of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." As William Magee, the novelist, he was the only character besides the Quimby couple to appear in the prologue, and after this initial appearance he was on the stage practically all the time until the final curtain. Since the plot centered about him, his was the most important role of the play, and from all appearances the right person was chosen for the part. Othmar Mislser as a crooked millionaire's right-hand man, John Bland, played one of the villain roles in an effective manner. Although Victor Pax and Robert Neumeyer, as Mary Norton and Mrs. Rhodes respectively, did not act with the naturalness that has been shown in previous impersonations, their acting was nevertheless good. It must be remembered, of course, that the acting in acts one and two was supposed to be mere sham; and on these grounds any faults which might

have occurred may be excused. As Myra Thornhill, the blackmailer, Edward Zucher showed surprising talent. The credit for the most perfect acting of the evening goes perhaps to Andrew Pollak as the queer fanatical hermit, Peters. Although this role was odd and difficult, Andrew Pollak played it almost to perfection. Truly his acting was among the best that has been exhibited in the auditorium this year. Cornelius Flynn acted exceptionally well as the hateful mayor, Jim Cargan, while Lou Max, his man "Friday," was well represented by Henry Barge. Charles Johns brought out very distinctly the disagreeableness of the irate Thomas Hayden, Bland's "boss." As usual the chief of police and his men were very amusing. Joseph Bennett was the chief of police, while Herman Reineck and Robert Weis were the faithful "cops." The man with the seventh key to Baldpate, the man who finally unfolded the mystery of the keys was Mr. Bently, portrayed by Charles Antony.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Elijah Quimby, the caretaker of Baldpate Inn -----	Wilfred Druffel
Mrs. Quimby, the caretaker's wife --	Thomas Corcoran
William Hallowell Magee, the novelist ---	Paul Knapke
John Bland, the Millionaire's right-hand man -----	Othmar Missler
Mary Norton, the newspaper reporter ---	Victor Pax
Mrs. Rhodes, the charming widow --	Robert Neumeyer
Peters, the Hermit of Baldpate -----	Andrew Pollak
Myra Thornhill, the blackmailer -----	Edward Zucher
Lou Max, the Mayor's man "Friday" ---	Henry Barge
Jim Cargan, the crooked mayor of Reuton -----	Cornelius Flynn
Thomas Hayden, president of the R. & E. Suburban R. R. -----	Charles Johns
Jiggs Kennedy, Chief of Police -----	Joseph Bennett

Mr. Bentley, the owner of Baldpate---Charles Antony
Policemen -----Robert Weis and Herman Reineck

NEWMAN CLUB

Although they were handicapped in several ways, the Newman Club on the evening of December 9 surprised the student body by the fine manner in which they staged the farce comedy "Adam's Apple." The handicaps consisted in the fact that "Adam's Apple" was the first public performance to be given by the present members of the Newman Club, and also in the fact that the cast had only a week of regular practice because of the annual retreat. The cast, however, in spite of its handicaps, gave the audience an evening of real entertainment.

"Adam's Apple" is the story of a restless stock-broker who is always "on needles" awaiting the latest stock reports. An interesting romance, of course, spices the plot; and many amusing situations develop. The playwright unfolds the plot in a pleasing and clever manner. If the audience was expecting laughter, then certainly it was not disappointed. The play was a laugh-provoker from start to finish, while at the same time it had a very interesting plot. Particularly amusing were the situations caused by Uncle John and Riggs, and the many other comical scenes in which every member of the cast was involved.

The entire cast of "Adam's Apple" did splendid work, but even the casual observer could single out the luminaries of the evening. Because of the naturalness that characterized their acting, and because of their familiarity with every situation of the play, Rouleau Joubert and Joseph Gibson seem to have merited the laurels of the evening. Rouleau Joubert as the cheerful Billy Aldrich was a constant source of amusement, while Joseph Gibson as the bold second-

story man, Riggs, was so comical that the audience seemed to laugh at every move he made. These two characters conducted themselves like experienced actors. John Eby, as Adam Van Alstyn, the stockbroker, was one of the most important characters of the play, and though his acting suffered a bit from rigidity, his role was well taken. The mystery-man of the evening—thief, plumber, millionaire—was Uncle John, cleverly portrayed by Thomas Clayton. Uncle John was responsible for many of the humorous and exciting moments of the play. Caspar, the detective, who seemed always to make things gloomy for the Van Alstynes, was impersonated by Joseph Shaw. The Newman Club surprised the audience with its clever impersonators of female roles. Eve Van Alstyne, Adam Van Alstyne's wife, was gracefully represented by Edmund Binsfeld, while Mark Kelly's impersonation of Celia Tennant was splendid. In appearance, Celia Tennant rivaled the best impersonations of female characters seen in the auditorium during the past several years. Thomas Rie- man was also very clever and amusing as Maggie, the cook. Ralph Bihn as Caspar's assistant, and Stephen Tatar as the taxi driver carried minor roles.

The Newman Club deserves congratulations for its fine showing in "Adam's Apple." Though this play does not surpass last year's Newman production, "Never Touched Me," it apparently does surpass any first appearance that the Newman Club has made in past years. Faults, of course, occurred; faults which were to be expected under the circumstances already mentioned, but the Newman Club has every reason to feel that "Adam's Apple" was a big success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Adam Van Alstyne, stockbroker -----John Eby
Eve Van Alstyne, his wife -----Edmund Binsfeld

Celia Tennant, his sister-in-law	-----Mark Kelly
Maggie, the cook	-----Thomas Rieman
Billy Aldrich, engaged to Celia	-----Rouleau Joubert
Caspar, a detective	-----Joseph Shaw
Riggs	-----Joseph Gibson
Uncle John	-----Thomas Clayton
Assistant to Caspar	-----Ralph Bihn
Footman	-----Stephen Tatar

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

In the absence of Father Knue who was taken ill, Father Paluszak presided at the meeting of Saturday, December 15. The meeting was especially interesting because of the many discussions that arose under unfinished and new business. Several motions for Christmas disbursements to various priests and missionaries were carried, and another motion that the society hold an essay contest was also carried. It will be remembered that the essay contest of last year was a great success since the large number of entries plainly showed that the contest was stirring up missionary enthusiasm. It was perhaps the success of last year's contest that caused the society to vote in favor of a similar event this year. The contest will probably be governed by the same rules that prevailed last year. It will be several weeks, however, before the contest is inaugurated.

In the past few years the Dwenger Mission Unit has experienced considerable difficulty at its elections due to the fact that the society is too large to employ the majority system as it has been doing at its elections. A motion, therefore, to amend the constitution in order that the society might employ the plurality system, was reread at this meeting. The initial reading of the motion had been made at the meeting of November 10. The motion carried almost unanim-

ously. Two science movies, "Liquid Air," and "The Brownian Movement" brought the meeting to a close.

THE RALEIGH CLUB

The Raleigh Club meeting of December 1 was well attended for two reasons: a smoker was scheduled for the meeting. The long program consisted of typical Raleigh Club dialogues and monologues, piano duets, selections by the Fifth Year String Quartet, and vocal numbers by "Slicker" Uhrich's Fifth Year Quartet. The feature number of the program was a short one-act play in which "Emmy" Bauman, Tom Durkin, and Russ Gillig starred.

The club raffle was postponed until after Christmas since the members of the raffle committee have not met with the response that they had expected. Many liberal prizes are to be raffled, probably the most coveted of which are the basketball and the watches. The Reverend Moderator gave a rather lengthy talk at this meeting; he stressed the need of the Raleigh Club for furniture and other improvements, and he asked the members of the society to co-operate in making the raffle a success in order that funds might be raised for Raleigh Club improvements.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.—James A. Garfield.

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang, even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half its bitterness when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh.—Addison.

ATHLETICS

Senior League Standing

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Fourths -----	3	0	1.000
Sixths -----	2	0	1.000
Seconds -----	1	2	.333
Fifths -----	0	2	.000
Thirds -----	0	2	.000

"Who's Who in Senior League"

Teams	Managers	Captains
Sixths	J. Ryan	P. Anzinger
Fifths	J. Herod	M. Dreiling
Fourths	B. Dreiling	J. Maloney
Thirds	J. Byrne	J. Conroy
Seconds	B. Stricker	S. Toth

SECONDS 16, THIRDS 15

A nip-and-tuck encounter ushered in Collegeville's 1928-29 Senior League basketball season on December 9, when the newly-organized Seconds sprang a big surprise by conquering the Thirds 16-15. The game was a seesaw affair, with the lead switching from side to side. The issue was in doubt until the final whistle. At the half the teams were in a 6-6 deadlock. The Seconds came back strong in the final period, and with Garza leading the assault, forged into the lead. "Red" Parlon was the shining light for the Thirds. Lineup:

Seconds	Position	Thirds
Garza (8)	F.	(7) Parlon
Bartlett (2)	F.	(2) Cardinali
Stricker (2)	C.	(2) Conroy
Bubala (2)	G.	(2) Allgeier
Toth (2)	G.	Byrne

Substitutes:- Thirds: Mayer (2), C. Maloney.
Referee, W. Dreiling; Umpire, C. Spalding.

FOURTHS 18, FIFTHS 8

Flashing a neat passing attack and an air-tight defense, the Fourths loomed up as a real pennant-contender on December 11 when they smothered the Fifths under an 18-8 count. The forward berth left vacant by "Horse" Martin's departure was capably filled by Len Cross, and at present the Fourths look almost unbeatable. The Fifths played in a disorganized and listless manner, and the absence of Billinger and Otto, two of their last year's stars, was much in evidence.

Fourths	Position	Fifths
Cross (2)	F.	(4) M. Dreiling
B. Dreiling (4)	F.	(2) Moore
Kienly (6)	C.	Gillig
J. Maloney (4)	G.	(2) Grot
Tatar (2)	G.	Weigel

Substitutes:—Fifths: Weiner, Herod, Kraus, Mathieu, W. Dreiling. Referee, C. Spalding, Umpire, S. Toth.

SIXTHS 31, SECONDS 18

The Sixths, with their championship five of last season back on the firing-line intact, got off to an auspicious start in their quest of another Senior League pennant by defeating the Seconds 31-18. The winners were out in front at the half by 17-12. The plucky Seconds spurted in the third quarter and threatened to tie the score, but the champs "found themselves" during the final period, and, flashing some of their last season's form, piled up a safe lead. Lineup:

Sixths	Position	Seconds
Ryan (2)	F.	(6) Garza
Spalding (13)	F.	(4) Bartlett
Schill (6)	C.	(4) Stricker
Barge	G.	(3) Bubala
Anzinger	G.	(1) Toth

Substitutes:—Sixths: Corcoran, Linenberger (10), Babin. Referee, W. Dreiling; Umpire, B. Dreiling.

FOURTHS 23, THIRDS 6

The Thirds encountered another snag on December 14 when they were swamped by the Fourths, 23-6, in a one-sided contest. The winners used most of their subs throughout the first half, which ended 12-6 with the Fourths on the long end. The Fourths' regulars took the floor for the final half, and held the Thirds scoreless while they were adding eleven more points to their own total. B. Dreiling and Tatar did most of the scoring for the winners, while Conroy, Cardinali, and Mayer performed best for the Thirds.

SIXTHS 17, FIFTHS 13

In a hard-fought battle featured by the close guarding of both teams, the Sixths won a 17-13 decision over the Fifths on December 17. The Sixths were handicapped by the absence of Johnny Ryan, star forward, who was confined to the bench with injuries; but "Dutch" Linenberger filled in the gap in a creditable manner. The Sixths won the game through their ability to sink free throws—making good seven of their twelve chances from the foul line. The winners enjoyed a 13-7 lead at the half-way station, but the Fifth Year quintette came back strong in the final half and outscored their opponents.

FOURTHS 36, SECONDS 17

The fast-stepping Fourths chalked up their third consecutive victory in three starts when they took the Seconds into camp by a 36-17 count. The Fourths passed rings around their opponents during the first half, and scored almost at will to pile up a 24-4 lead which they held at the end of this period. The fighting Seconds found the basket during the final half, however, and outscored the winners 13-12. B. Dreiling was high scorer of the game with eleven points to his credit, while Bartlett, with six points, carried off the scoring honors for the seconds.

MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sharpshooters -----	1	0	1.000
Scots -----	1	0	1.000
Ramblers -----	1	0	1.000
Shamrocks -----	0	1	.000
Bruins -----	0	2	.000

Who's Who in Midget League"

Teams	Managers	Captains
Bruins	J. Lefko	T. Harris
Scots	M. Vichuras	J. Forwith
Ramblers	F. Snyder	W. Burnell
Shamrocks	C. Nardeccia	K. Moore
Sharpshooters	J. Maloney	G. Forsee

SCOTS 10, BRUINS 8

The Midget League opened on December 16 with the Scots winning an overtime game from Coach Corcoran's Bruins by a 10-8 score. The Scots held a 6-2 advantage at the half, but the Bruins rallied during the closing minutes of the game to tie up the count at 7-7 as the regular playing time ended. With the score deadlocked at 8-8 in the second overtime

period of the contest, Captain Forwith of the Scots sank a field-goal to break the tie and to bring a victory to his team.

RAMBLERS 18, SHAMROCKS 5

The Ramblers lived up to their name in their initial performance, and rambled to an easy 18-5 victory over the Shamrocks. The Shamrocks couldn't cope with the fast passing attack and tight defense of the winners. The Ramblers got off to a flying start, and led at the half by 8-0. Krapf, Burnell, and Snyder were the luminaries for the victors; Nardeccia was the outstanding performer for the Shamrocks—scoring all of their points and playing a strong defensive game.

SHARPSHOOTERS 17, BRUINS 6

The Sharpshooters, with "Tinker" Forsee and "Joey" Maloney leading the attack, snowed the Bruins under a 17-6 score on December 20. The winners displayed a flashy brand of basketball, and seem to be the class of the league at this stage. In the Bruins' attack, Egolf, Welch, and Owens were the big guns. Elder, Bloemer, and McKune were strong on the defense for the Sharpshooters.

Among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued, all the rest are bubbles beside these: old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.—Alphonsus.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—R. L. Stevenson.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

What's all the crowd down there so excited about?
A horse dropped dead. He saw another horse and
was scared to death.

Whar yo' goin', Rastus?
Ah's lookin' fo' work.
'Clar to goodness! Ah sho is glad to heah
Mandy's up an' aroun' again.

Pee Wee—What's the best you've done this year?
Big Hands—68.
Pee Wee—What course?
Big Hands—Waneka Country Club.
Pee Wee—Aw, I mean mathematics.

A sign in front of a certain church in Canada
had the following announcement: Subject of Sunday
evening's sermon—"Do you know what hell is?" (and
just beneath in smaller letters,) "Come and hear
our new organist."

Conductor (stumbling over obstacle in aisle):
"Madam, you must not leave your valise in the aisle."

Liza: "Well fo' lan' sakes, you all is sho insultin',
dat's mah foot."

Driver—Taxi, Taxi, Sir!
Dizzy—Mush obliged; wash jush wondering what
it wash.

"Man found dismembered into twenty-seven and
one half pieces, wrapped in cloth, and locked in trunk;
local police agree that he committed suicide."

Baron—Yeh, I was shipwrecked once and lived for a whole week on a can of sardines.

Pike—Gee, you didn't have much room to move around in, did you?

Irate Lady—I'm bothered with a little corn that I'd like to have removed.

Doctor—Pardon me, but the divorce lawyer is at the second door to your left.

Could you pass the biscuits?

I think so; I've moved pianos all summer.

Customer—Are those eggs fresh?

Grocer (in an aside)—Here, boy, see if those eggs are cold enough to sell yet.

(In astronomy class) Prof—Can you name a star with a tail?

Gibson—Sure, that's easy; Rin-Tin-Tin.

Son, what does this 55 on your Chemistry card mean?

I dunno Dad; may be it's the temperature of the room.

How are the life preservers on this boat?

Fine! I've just had three; as good as I've ever drunk.

A Jewish gentleman entered a car with his small son and paid only a single fare.

"How old is the boy?" asked the conductor.

"Vy, he's only four."

"Well, he sure looks older than four."

"Hmm, am I responsible ef he vorries?"

What the Old Study Hall Desk Thinks About

Well, well, the fellows are back again from vacation; yep, there comes my owner now.—Saay, I know I'm a bit dusty from disuse, but you don't have to use that kind of language about it. The poor sap, he might have known there wouldn't be any mail! Wow! After the way he slammed that lid, my head'll ache for a week.—Hey, bo, lay off o' me, I ain't no seat! Course I'm still here, don't think I'd run off with a musty pile of text-books?—There he goes, raving again. He carved those initials on the lid himself;—'taint my fault if the pen goes through the paper. Saay, where d'ya get the jerk; splashing ink around like that? Yer not home!—Aw, dry up! If ya hadn't broke my hinge last October, yer darn pen wouldn't a slid off. Look here, buddy, if ya think I'm an ash can, you're all wet! How about cleaning out all them peanut shells and orange peels?—Saay, you give me a royal pain! And to thing I've got five months o' this kinda thing staring me in the face!—Thank heavens, there's the bell! Now for a little rest, till—Wow! How that bird slams the lid! I don't think he's so very glad to get back again! F. M.

Hardboiled Cop—Say, what's the idea? Don't ya know ya can't turn around in the middle of the street?

Fair Motorist—Oh, officer, I really think I can make it! Just watch!

Cowboy—What become o' that tenderfoot yuh had in the calaboose fuh speedin'?

Sheriff—Oh, the county couldn't afford tuh feed 'im, so we had tuh hang the crittah.

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